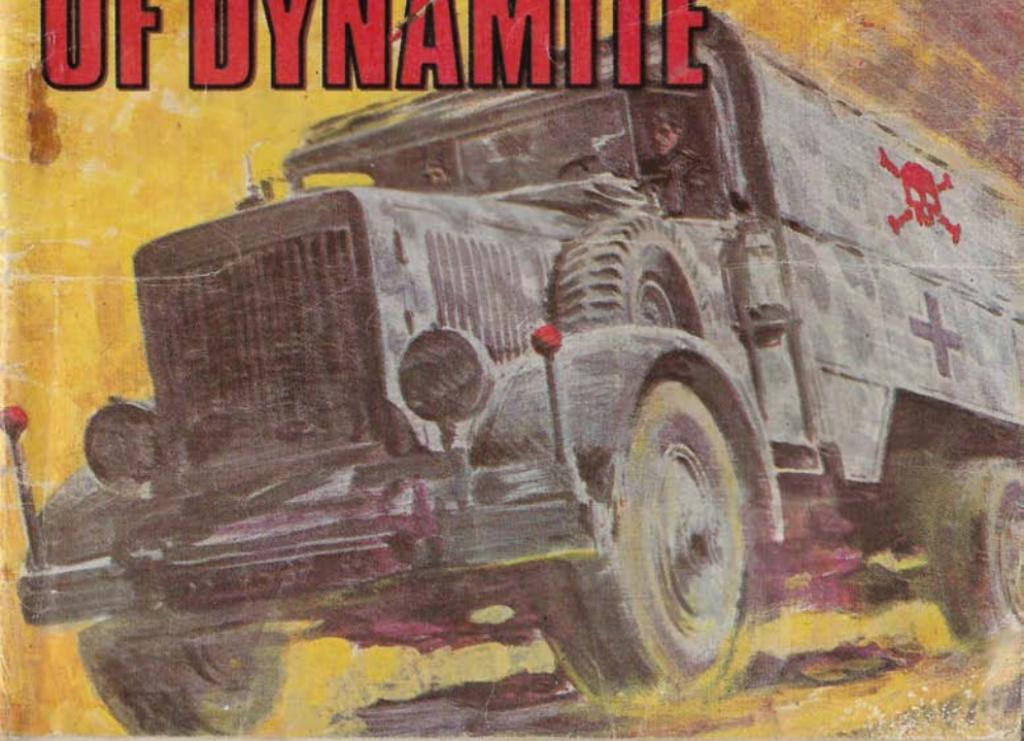


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# A LOAD OF DYNAMITE



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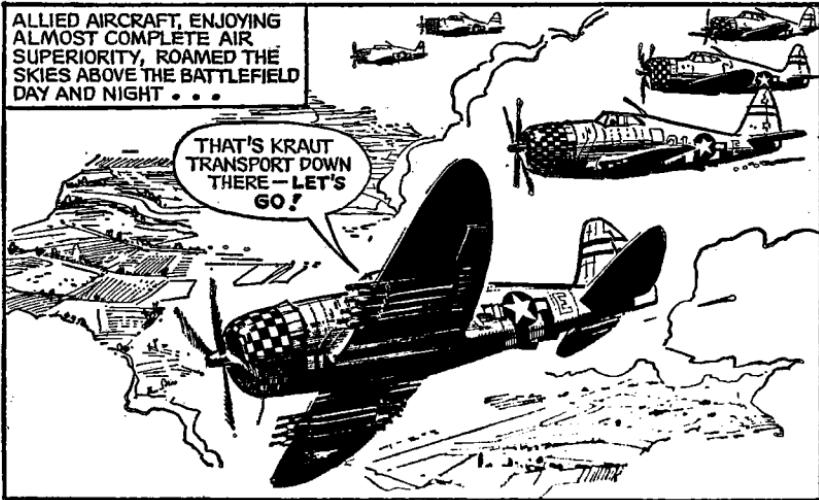
# A LOAD of DYNAMITE

THE ALLIED ARMIES HAD LIBERATED THE GREATER PART OF FRANCE AND WERE SWEEPING IRRESISTIBLY FORWARD TOWARDS THE LOW COUNTRIES AND TOWARDS GERMANY ...

## Chapter I. BOMB ON WHEELS!

ALLIED AIRCRAFT, ENJOYING ALMOST COMPLETE AIR SUPERIORITY, ROAMED THE SKIES ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD DAY AND NIGHT . . .

THAT'S KRAUT TRANSPORT DOWN THERE—LET'S GO!



ROCKET-FIRING TYPHOONS, TEMPESTS, MUSTANGS AND THUNDERBOLTS POUNCED ON ANYTHING THAT MOVED BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES . . .

ALL RIGHT,  
SIEGFRIED,  
THEY'RE GOING—  
AND IT'S ALL  
CLEAR.



CORPORAL WALTER ANDORF AND SERGEANT SIEGFRIED MANN WERE AFRIKA KORPS VETERANS...

ANOTHER TWENTY KILOMETRES—THEN WE SHOULD BE IN THE FRONT LINE.



THEY HAD BOTH BEEN WOUNDED IN NORTH AFRICA AND FORCED TO TAKE NON-COMBATANT JOBS, BUT SINCE THE TIDE HAD TURNED AGAINST GERMANY, EVEN DRIVING A RATION TRUCK WAS DANGEROUS, DIFFICULT, WORK.

AND EVEN IF WE FIND THE FRONT LINE—NO-ONE WILL KNOW WHERE ANY OF THE UNITS ARE.



IT WAS AS WALTER HAD CONFIDENTLY PREDICTED. LATER THAT DAY, THEIR ARRIVAL WAS ANNOUNCED TO THE COMMANDER OF A UNIT OF WAFFEN S.S. ...



S.S. MAJOR FELDSTURN TURNED AND WALKED ABRUPTLY FROM THE GROUP OF N.C.O.s HE HAD BEEN DRESSING DOWN.

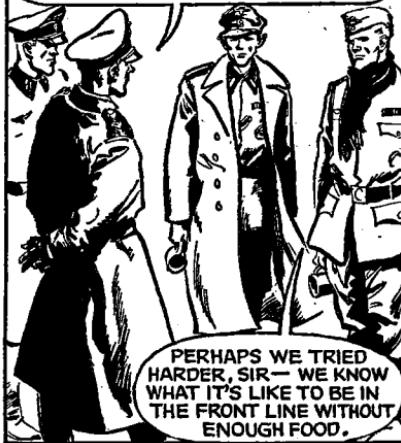
THE LATEST REPORTS SHOW THAT THE AMERICANS ARE ATTACKING IN STRENGTH.

JA, HERR MAJOR. WE SHALL SOON BE IN ACTION AGAIN.



THE MAJOR HALTED BY THE RATION TRUCK.

YOURS ARE THE FIRST RATIONS WE HAVE SEEN FOR A WEEK. HOW DID YOU GET THROUGH WHEN THE OTHERS FAILED?



THE MAJOR CURTLY DISMISSED THE YOUNG LEUTNANT AND TOLD THE TRANSPORT MEN TO FOLLOW HIM...



YOU ARE LIMPING, FELDWEBEL.

JA, MAJOR—  
I LOST HALF MY FOOT  
IN LIBYA. KORPORAL  
ANDORF HERE HAD  
HIS ARM SMASHED.  
SO NOW WE DELIVER  
THE RATIONS.



THERE WAS A LOCKED GARAGE NEARBY WITH A GUARD OUTSIDE.  
FELDSTURN TOOK THEM IN . . .

INSIDE THIS TRUCK ARE SAMPLES  
OF A NEW SECRET EXPLOSIVE THAT WAS  
BEING MADE NEAR HERE. IT MUST BE  
SAVED. I WANT YOU TO DRIVE IT  
TO BELGIUM.



THEY MADE A FEW OBJECTIONS — AFTER  
ALL, IT WAS RISKY ENOUGH ON THE ROADS  
THESE DAYS WITHOUT SITTING ON TOP OF  
A LOAD OF EXPLOSIVE !

— AND THEN  
AGAIN, MAJOR —  
WHAT ABOUT OUR  
OWN C.O. ?

I WILL ARRANGE  
THINGS WITH HIM —  
AND ONE OF MY MEN WILL  
TAKE BACK YOUR RATION TRUCK.  
OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE AFRAID . . .

THE MAJOR HAD STRUCK THE RIGHT NOTE . . .

GOOD. BUT REMEMBER —  
THIS IS A SECRET MISSION,  
DON'T TALK ABOUT IT TO  
ANYONE. AND  
THE TRUCK  
MUST REMAIN  
LOCKED !



THE MAJOR'S EYES  
HELD THEM WITH AN  
ALMOST HYPNOTIC  
GLANCE . . .



THEY TRANSFERRED THEIR PERSONAL EQUIPMENT FROM  
THE RATION LORRY. FELDSTURN GAVE THEM A FEW LAST  
INSTRUCTIONS, AND THEY SET OFF . . .

YOU ARE DOING SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT FOR YOUR COUNTRY  
AND YOUR FUEHRER.  
HEIL HITLER!

HEIL  
HITLER!



THEY HAD A FEW MISGIVINGS AS THE HEAVY TRUCK  
GROUND SLOWLY DOWN THE ROAD . . .

DISTRICT OF LUXEMBERG  
IN BELGIUM — THAT'S A  
LONG WAY TO GO WITH  
A LOAD LIKE  
THIS!

WE ARE  
SOLDIERS, SIEGFRIED—  
SOMETIMES WE MUST  
EXPECT TO FACE  
DANGER . . .



WALTER STOOD ON HIS SEAT AND POKED HIS HEAD OUT THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE CAB, TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE SKY. BUT AS HE DID SO A BULLET HUMMED  
THROUGH THE AIR NEAR HIM . . .

HIMMEL!  
A SNIPER! GIVE  
ME THE MAUSER,  
SIEGFRIED!



WALTER'S CRIPPLED LEFT ARM STOPPED HIM USING A RIFLE, BUT HE HAD A MAUSER AUTOMATIC WITH A SHOULDER PIECE . . .

I WON'T HIT HIM—  
BUT I'LL MAKE HIM KEEP HIS HEAD DOWN.



THEY WERE SOON OUT OF RANGE . . .



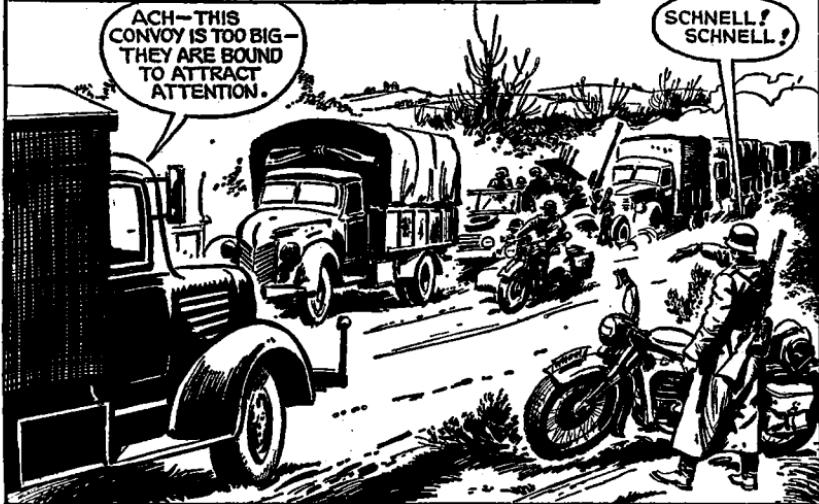
THEIR PRINCIPAL DANGER, THEY KNEW, LAY IN THE AIR . . .



THEY MET A SUPPLY COLUMN COMING THE OTHER WAY . . .

ACH—THIS  
CONVOY IS TOO BIG—  
THEY ARE BOUND  
TO ATTRACT  
ATTENTION.

SCHNELL!  
SCHNELL!



TO ADD TO THE CONFUSION, THEY FOUND THAT A COUPLE OF FARM CARTS WERE BLOCKING THE WAY . . .

GET OFF THE ROAD,  
YOU DUMMKOPF!

ACHTUNG!



AS THE FLIGHT OF ROCKET-FIRING TYPHOONS MATERIALISED OUT OF THE BLUE, FLAK GUNS SWIVELLED ROUND TO GREET THEM, BUT SIEGFRIED AND WALTER KNEW THEY HAD TO GET OUT OF THE TARGET AREA . . .



THE ARMOURED TRUCK BUMPED IN THROUGH THE GATE AND ACCELERATED ACROSS THE CORN STUBBLE. THERE WAS A HUGE STACK OF STRAW SHEAVES IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE FIELD AND SIEGFRIED DROVE STRAIGHT AT IT.



THE TRUCK DISAPPEARED INTO THE STRAW. THEN THE DRIVER PUSHED HIS WAY OUT AND RAN TO JOIN WALTER IN THE DITCH ALONG BY THE HEDGE...



THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS ROAR AS THE LEADING PLANES LOOSED THEIR SALVOES OF ROCKETS . . .



THE PLANES USED THEIR TWENTY MILLIMETRE CANNON, AS WELL, AND WHEN THEIR AIM WAS ASTRAY, THE SHELLS KICKED UP THE DUST IN THE FIELDS . . .

HE'S A BAD SHOT THIS ONE, HE NEARLY HIT US.

THE PLANES SWEPT AWAY, BUT SIEGFRIED AND WALTER KNEW THAT THEY, OR OTHERS, WOULD BE BACK . . .

THEY'VE BLOCKED THE ROAD—THEY'RE BOUND TO HAVE ANOTHER GO.

AND NEXT TIME SOMETHING MIGHT HIT THE TRUCK.

THEY CUT A HOLE IN THE HEDGE, AND THREW SOME OF THE WOOD INTO THE DITCH. THEY HAD TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO JOLT THE TRUCK TOO MUCH . . .

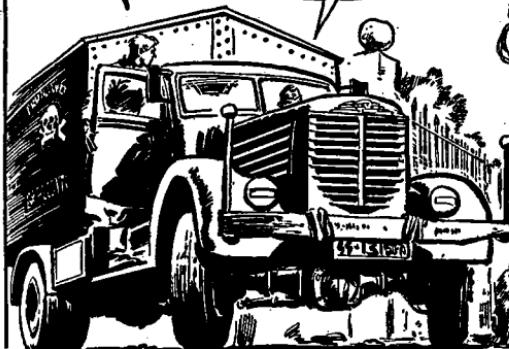
EASY NOW—THE MAJOR SAID THAT A BAD JOLT MIGHT SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVE.



THE EARTH WAS HARD AND THEY WERE ABLE TO CONTINUE ACROSS THE FIELDS UNTIL THEY HAD CLEARED THE CONVOY AND COULD GET BACK ON THE ROAD . . .

THEY SHOULD DO THE SAME AS WE HAVE DONE.

THEY HAVE OFFICERS TO TELL THEM WHAT TO DO—IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS!



THEY WENT A COUPLE OF MILES DOWN THE ROAD AND THEN PULLED OFF INTO A WOOD, THE FLAMES FROM THE BURNING CONVOY WOULD ATTRACT ALLIED AIRCRAFT WHICH WOULD ATTACK ANYTHING THAT MOVED . . .



THE HEADLAMPS OF THE TRUCK WERE HOODED SO THAT NONE OF THE LIGHT WAS REFLECTED UPWARDS. IT MADE DRIVING DIFFICULT . . .

THESE LIGHTS ARE USELESS—AND NOW, TO CAP IT ALL, IT'S RAINING.



IT WAS A SUDDEN THUNDERSTORM —  
AND IT SAVED THEIR LIVES. A SUDDEN  
FLASH OF LIGHTNING SHOWED THEM A  
HUGE TREE TRUNK ACROSS THE ROAD...

THE TREE!  
STOP—AND TURN  
ROUND!

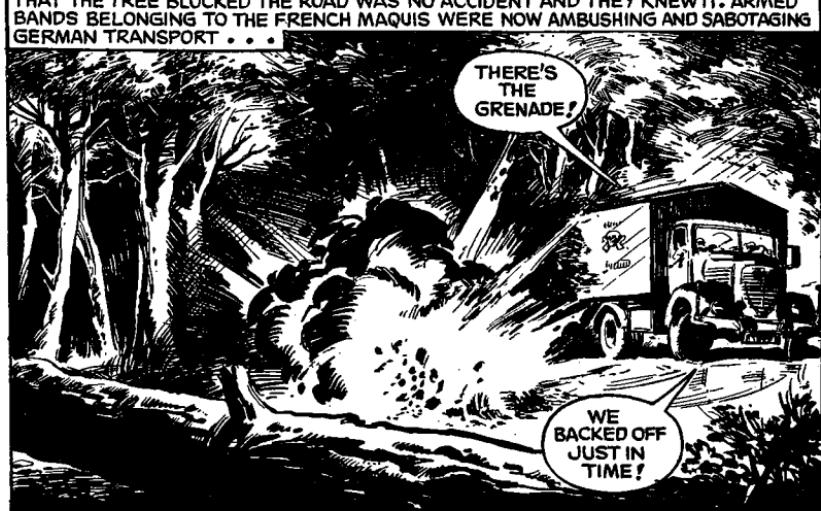
I'M  
TRYING TO!  
GET YOUR  
GUN!



THAT THE TREE BLOCKED THE ROAD WAS NO ACCIDENT AND THEY KNEW IT. ARMED  
BANDS BELONGING TO THE FRENCH MAQUIS WERE NOW AMBUSHING AND SABOTAGING  
GERMAN TRANSPORT . . .

THERE'S  
THE  
GRENADE!

WE  
BACKED OFF  
JUST IN  
TIME!



HAD THE LIGHTNING NOT SHOWN THEM THE TREE TRUNK THEY WOULD HAVE STOPPED NEAR THE TREE AND THE GRENADE WOULD HAVE BEEN ROLLED UNDERNEATH THE TRUCK . . .

THEIR BULLETS BOUNCE OFF THIS ARMOUR PLATE !

I ONLY HOPE THEY DON'T EXPLODE THE CARGO .



SOON THE TRUCK WAS OUT OF RANGE OF THE AMBUSHERS' GUNS AND SIEGFRIED SLOWED ITS HEADLONG RUSH . . .

THERE'S ANOTHER ROAD HERE. WILL TAKE US TO THE CANAL BRIDGE — CAN WE HAVE THE LIGHTS ON AGAIN ?



## Chapter 2. STRANGE DISCOVERY!

BUT WHEN AT LAST THEY GOT TO THE BRIDGE  
THEY FOUND IT NO LONGER EXISTED . . .



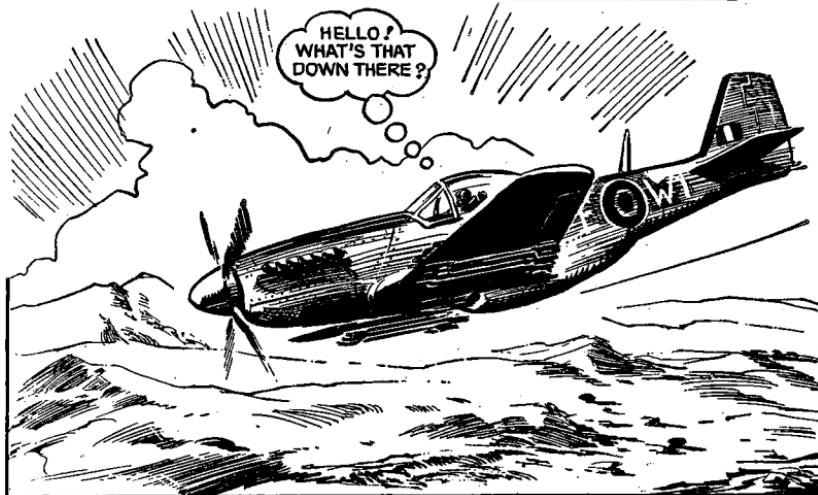
THEY SLEPT IN THE CAB—AND IN THE PALE  
LIGHT OF THE DAWN, THEY SAW THAT THE  
GUARD DID NOT EXAGGERATE. BUT THEY  
GOT MOVING...



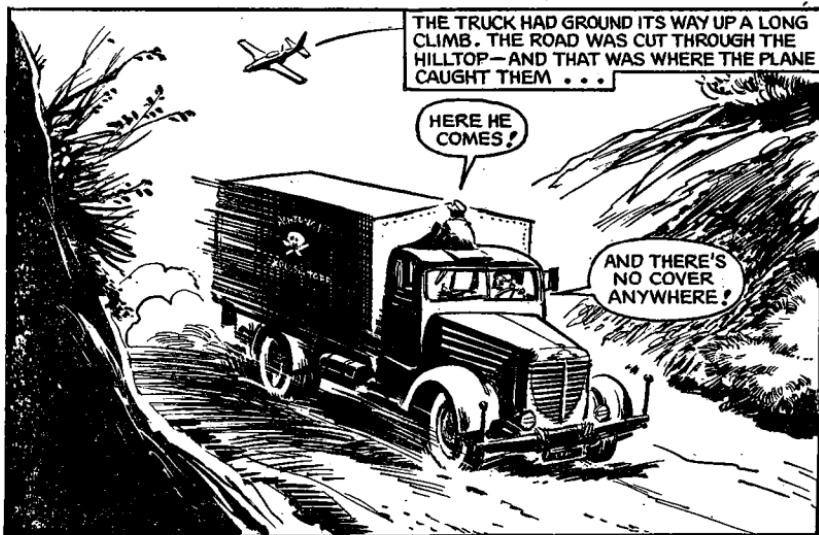
THEY WERE A GOOD WAY FROM THE  
FRONT NOW AND THEY THOUGHT THAT  
IN THE EARLY HOURS THEY MIGHT BE  
SAFE . . .



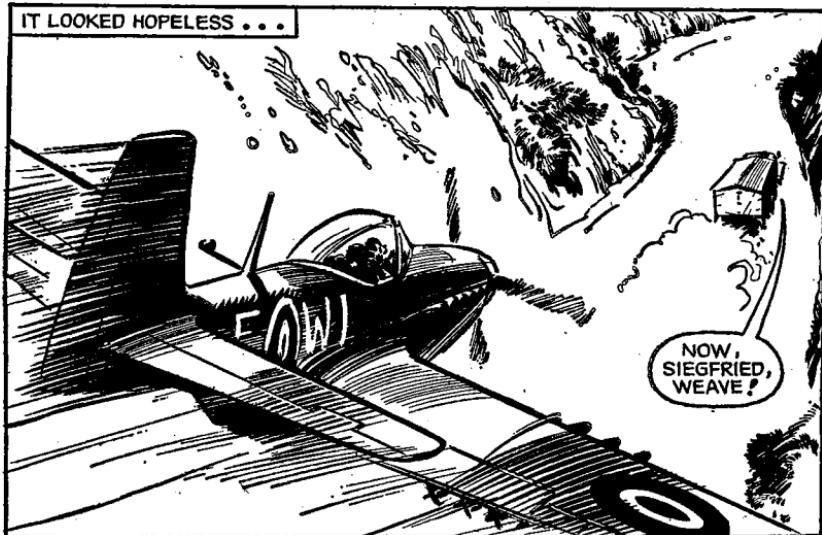
BUT THEY HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE PILOT OF ONE R.A.F. MUSTANG...



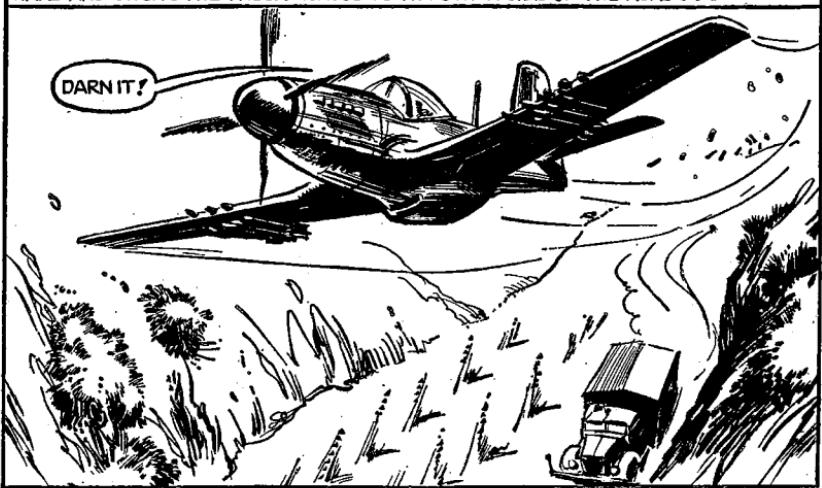
THE TRUCK HAD GROUNDED ITS WAY UP A LONG CLIMB. THE ROAD WAS CUT THROUGH THE HILLTOP—AND THAT WAS WHERE THE PLANE CAUGHT THEM . . .



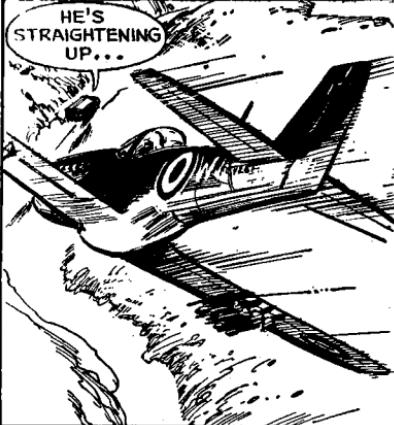
IT LOOKED HOPELESS . . .



AS THE MUSTANG PILOT OPENED FIRE WITH HIS MACHINE GUNS, SO SIEGFRIED BRAKED HARD AND SWUNG THE TRUCK ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD . . .



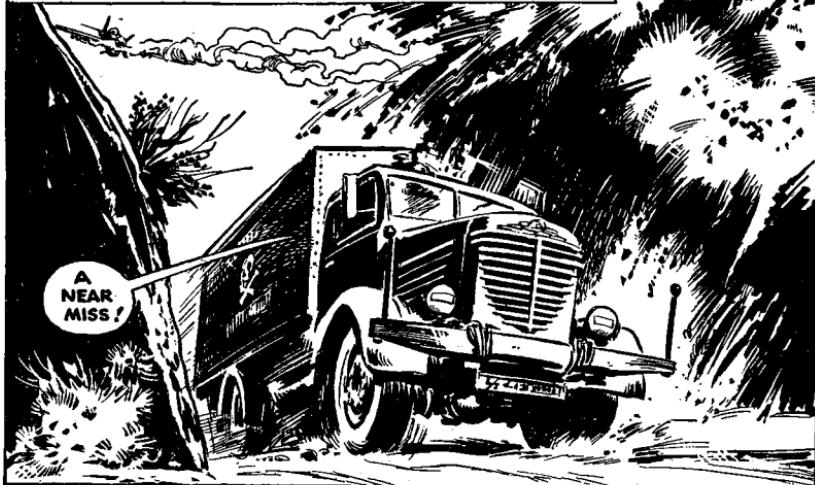
THE PILOT TOOK THE PLANE ROUND IN A CIRCLE AND CAME BACK FOR ANOTHER TRY. THE TRUCK WAS GOING FASTER NOW AS SIEGFRIED URGED IT DOWN THE WINDING HILLSIDE . . .



THE PILOT HAD SELECTED A COUPLE OF HIS ROCKETS THIS TIME . . .

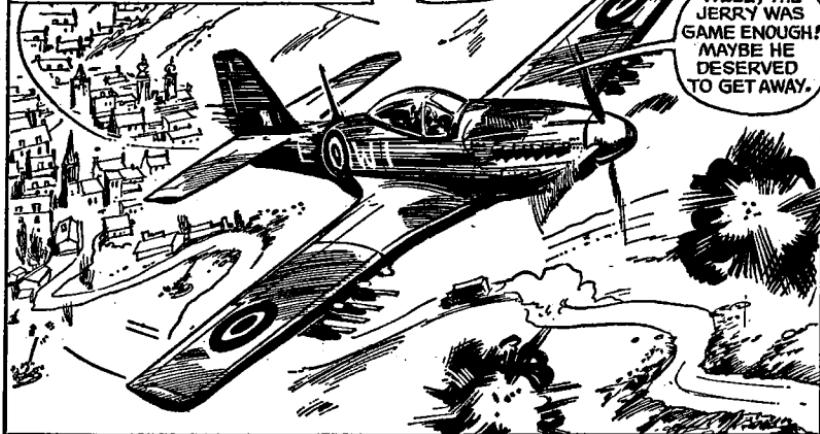


THE PILOT THUMBED THE RELEASE BUTTON AND THE ROCKETS SPED TOWARDS THE FRANTICALLY SWERVING TRUCK . . .



THE MUSTANG ATTACKED ONCE MORE AND MISSED AGAIN. NOW THE TRUCK WAS RUNNING DOWN INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN THAT WAS RINGED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS . . .

WELL, THE JERRY WAS GAME ENOUGH! MAYBE HE DESERVED TO GET AWAY.



THE ROAD DESCENDED STEEPLY AND SWIFTLY INTO THE TOWN AND NOW SIEGFRIED PUMPED DESPERATELY AT THE BRAKES AS HE SOUGHT TO BRING THE HURTLING WEIGHT OF THE TRUCK UNDER CONTROL . . .

WE ARE DOING OVER A HUNDRED KILOMETRES AN HOUR!



THE KLAXON BLARING FURIOUSLY, THEY RUSHED TOWARDS THE TOWN, WITH SIEGFRIED FRANTICALLY WRESTLING WITH THE WHEEL AS HE STROVE TO KEEP THEM ON THE ROAD . . .



FORTUNATELY, IT WAS STILL EARLY IN THE MORNING AND THERE WERE FEW PEOPLE ABOUT. SIEGFRIED WONDERED GRIMLY IF THERE WOULD BE ANY OF THEM LEFT IF THE TRUCK CRASHED AND EXPLODED . . .



THE HEAVY TRUCK TOOK A PIECE OUT OF THE CORNER AS IT SWAYED ROUND THE LAST BEND INTO THE TOWN SQUARE . . .



MERCIFULLY THE SQUARE WAS LARGE, OPEN—AND ALSO NEARLY DESERTED . . .



ON THE UPWARD SLOPE, THE TRUCK SLOWED AND AT LAST THE OVERHEATED BRAKES TOOK EFFECT . . .



THE FRENCH POLICE WANTED TO MAKE A FUSS UNTIL THEY SAW WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK . AFTER THAT, THEY WERE ONLY TOO ANXIOUS TO HURRY THE PAIR OUT OF THE TOWN . . .



THEY PUT THE TRUCK INTO A DUTCH BARN TO HIDE IT FROM THE AIR, AND THEN SETTLED DOWN TO SLEEP FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.



THEY WENT ON AGAIN AT NIGHTFALL. AFTER CROSSING THE BELGIAN FRONTIER, THE ROAD WOUND THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS . . .



THE ROAD WIDENED AT ONE SPOT AND SIEGFRIED SLOWED AND PULLED UP. THEY GOT OUT . . .



THEY PARKED THE TRUCK HARD ALONGSIDE THE CLIFF FACE AND SETTLED DOWN IN THE CAB TO WAIT FOR MORNING . . .



WHEN MORNING CAME THEY COULD SEE THAT THEIR PARKING PLACE WAS A GOOD ONE, SO SIEGFRIED DECIDED TO WALK BACK TO THE CROSSROADS TO TELEPHONE . . .



SIEGFRIED WAS SURPRISED WHEN HE HEARD THE ANSWER TO THE NUMBER HE CALLED . . .



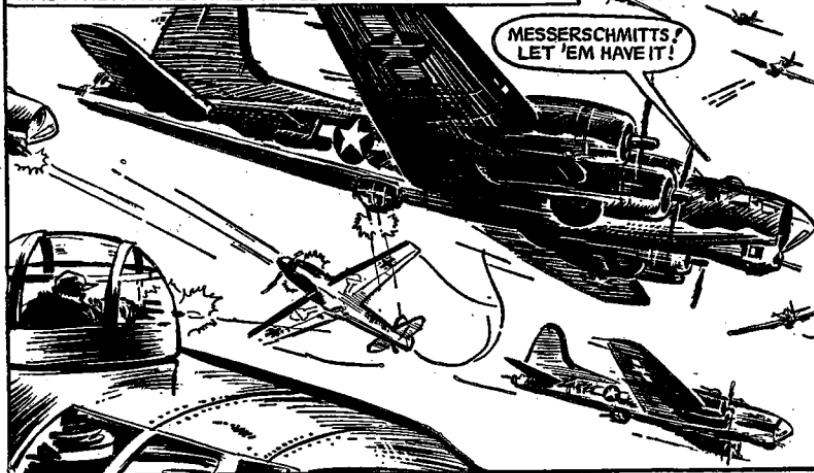
THE SERGEANT FOUND HE WAS TALKING TO A SENIOR GESTAPO OFFICIAL WITH A COOL AUTHORITATIVE VOICE . . .



THERE WAS A STEADILY INCREASING ROAR FILLING THE SKY AS SIEGFRIED CAME OUT OF THE CALL-BOX . . .



AS HE STUMPED OFF UP THE HILL THE THUNDER OF AERO ENGINES SEEMED TO FILL THE SKY. THEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A NEW NOISE. THE RATTLE OF MACHINE GUNS . . .



FLAMES EXPLODED ROUND ONE OF THE GIANT BOMBERS AND IT TWISTED DOWN TO ITS DOOM. A SECOND FORTRESS DROPPED FROM THE FORMATION, SMOKE POURING FROM TWO OF ITS ENGINES ...



THE CRUMP OF EXPLODING BOMBS ECHOED ROUND THE MOUNTAINS ...



THE DUST HAD SETTLED AND ALL WAS QUIET WHEN SIEGFRIED ARRIVED AT THE MINE ENTRANCE . . .



WALTER'S HEAD POPPED OUT OF THE TRUCK AS SIEGFRIED CLAMBERED UP THE PILE OF ROCK . . .



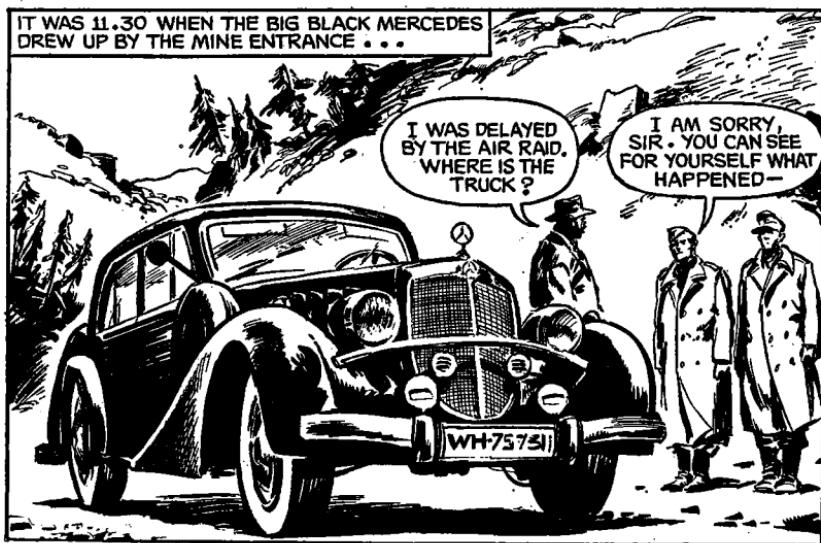
INSIDE THE ARMoured TRUCK, WALTER SHOWED SIEGFRIED WHAT HE HAD FOUND . . .



AS THEY EXAMINED THE TRUCK'S  
CONTENTS THEY REMEMBERED  
THE MAJOR'S PATRIOTIC WORDS...



IT WAS 11.30 WHEN THE BIG BLACK MERCEDES  
DREW UP BY THE MINE ENTRANCE . . .



THEY TOOK HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE ROAD AND POINTED DOWN . . .



THE GESTAPO OFFICIAL, LIVID WITH RAGE, TURNED ON THE TWO MEN . . .



THE TWO OLD SOLDIERS THOUGHT THE GESTAPO OFFICER WOULD EXPLODE WITH BOTTLED-UP ANGER . . .



THE GESTAPO OFFICIAL DROVE AWAY—  
LEAVING TWO MEN WHO SUDDENLY  
DISSOLVED INTO UNCONTROLLABLE  
LAUGHTER . . .

HIS FACE!  
DID YOU SEE  
HIS FACE? OH-  
HO!—HO!  
HA! HA!

HA! HA!  
HEE! HEE!  
OH! OH! IT  
HURTS!



WITH THE FALL OF WINTER, THE ALLIED ARMIES WERE HALTED AND THEN THROWN  
BACK AS VON RUNDSTEDT LAUNCHED A FULL-SCALE COUNTER-ATTACK IN THE  
ARDENNES . . .



BUT GRADUALLY, THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE WAS SLOWED AND THEN STOPPED . . .



AND THE ALLIES RESUMED THEIR ADVANCE. SO THAT SIEGFRIED AND WALTER, BACK ON THEIR OLD JOB OF DRIVING A RATION LORRY, ONE DAY FOUND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED BY A CROMWELL TANK...



THEY WERE GOOD SOLDIERS WHO HAD DONE THEIR JOB WELL, BUT THEY KNEW THAT GERMANY WAS BEATEN, AND THEY FELT NO SHAME IN SURRENDERING . . .

TAKE THEM TO  
MAJOR MELVILLE-THEY  
MAY KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT THEIR TROOP  
DISPOSITIONS.

YES, SIR.

THE MAJOR, WHO SPOKE FLUENT GERMAN,  
GAVE THEM A HOT DRINK AND ASKED THEM  
ABOUT THE POSITIONS OF THEIR TROOPS . . .

WE COULD NOT FIND  
THEM, SIR—THAT IS WHY  
WE RAN INTO YOU.

BUT THERE IS  
SOMETHING WE WISH  
TO TELL YOU, MAJOR.

AND THEY TOLD HIM THE STORY OF THE ARMoured TRUCK AND ITS CONTENTS...

WE WERE SO ANGRY, SIR. AND WE COULD NOT TELL THE AUTHORITIES - THE GESTAPO MAN WAS ONE OF THE AUTHORITIES!



IT WAS A GOOD TALE AND MELVILLE WAS AMUSED BY THE WAY THE MEN HAD TAKEN THEIR REVENGE...

PITY ABOUT ALL THE PAINTINGS THOUGH.



SIEGFRIED AND WALTER WERE SENT BACK TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR IN A PRISON CAMP, AND THE TROOP OF CROMWELL TANKS SURGED ON...

THAT'S THAT LITTLE LOT KNOCKED OUT.



MELVILLE HAD NEVER TOLD ANYONE ELSE THE STORY OF THE ARMOURED TRUCK — AND HE CERTAINLY MADE NO OFFICIAL REPORT OF IT . . .

THEY WANT US TO  
KEEP GOING, OLD BOY.  
WE'LL BE IN BELGIUM  
BY TOMORROW.

RIGHT, SIR.



BUT AS HE NEARED THE MOUNTAINS OF LUXEMBURG, MELVILLE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THAT TRUCK AND OF ITS TREASURE TROVE . . .

A WHOLE LOAD  
OF FIRST-CLASS  
PAINTINGS — IT  
COULD BE WORTH  
MILLIONS!



MELVILLE'S SECOND IN COMMAND WAS HARRY BRIGG, A LANCASTRIAN WHO HAD COME UP THROUGH THE RANKS . . .

MEN ARE ALL FED —  
AND MAINTENANCE  
COMPLETED, SIR.

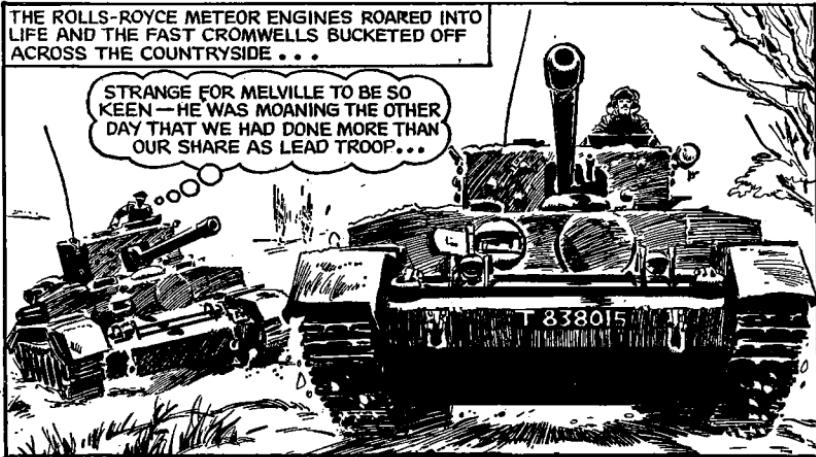
RIGHT, THEN WE CAN  
GET BACK TO OUR POSITION  
AT THE HEAD OF THE  
COLUMN.



## Chapter 3. TREASURE TROVE!

THE ROLLS-ROYCE METEOR ENGINES ROARED INTO LIFE AND THE FAST CROMWELLS BUCKETED OFF ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE . . .

STRANGE FOR MELVILLE TO BE SO KEEN — HE WAS MOANING THE OTHER DAY THAT WE HAD DONE MORE THAN OUR SHARE AS LEAD TROOP . . .



THE TROOP WERE STILL IN THE LEAD WHEN THEY CAME TO THE CROSSROADS FROM WHICH FELDWEBEL SIEGFRIED MANN HAD MADE HIS TELEPHONE CALL . . .

THE COLONEL HAS ORDERED ME TO HALT HERE — WHY THE DEVIL WON'T HE LET US GET ON ?



AS THE LORRIED INFANTRY AND THE ANTI-TANK GUNS FANNED OUT INTO THEIR DEFENSIVE POSITIONS ON EACH SIDE OF THEM, BRIGG PUZZLED OVER MELVILLE'S STRANGE ATTITUDE . . .



WHEN THE COLONEL ARRIVED, HE CONFIRMED WHAT BRIGG SUSPECTED . . .

JERRY IS HOLDING THE TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN ROAD IN STRENGTH. THERE'S AN AMERICAN ARMoured COLUMN COMING UP AND THEY'VE BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF TAKING THE RIDGE . . .



NO, WE'RE NOT GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN AT ALL—WE'RE SWINGING RIGHT THROUGH THE VALLEY . . .



ONCE AGAIN, BRIGG WAS MYSTIFIED BY MELVILLE'S OBVIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT .

IT STARTED TO RAIN THAT EVENING .  
HARRY BRIGG WAS JUST SETTLING DOWN  
TO SLEEP WHEN HE WAS RUDELY  
AWAKENED ...

WE'VE BEEN  
ORDERED TO ADVANCE .  
START UP, FOLLOW ME—  
AND OBSERVE RADIO  
SILENCE .

EH? BUT  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
AMERICANS?

BUT MELVILLE HAD GONE, AND BRIGG  
STUMBLED OUT TO HIS TANK, PEERING  
THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN ...

IS THAT YOU,  
DRIVER? RIGHT—  
START UP.

THE THUNDER ROLLED AND ECHOED  
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AS THE THREE  
TANKS MOVED OFF ...

KEEP YOUR EYE  
ON MAJOR MELVILLE'S  
TANK, DRIVER. STAY  
THIS DISTANCE  
BEHIND HIM .

T1715101

THE ROAD STARTED TO WIND UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS  
AND THE GROUND DROPPED AWAY ON ONE SIDE . . .

LUMME !  
I HOPE THIS ROAD  
DOESN'T GET ANY  
NARROWER .



THE DRIVERS SWUNG THE TWENTY-EIGHT  
TON MONSTERS CAREFULLY ROUND THE  
SHARP BENDS. A MISTAKE WOULD SEND  
THEM SLIDING TO DESTRUCTION . . .



THE BIG 75 MILLIMETRE GUN AND THE TWO  
BESA MACHINE GUNS WERE READY LOADED.  
AT EACH CORNER AS THEY EDGED ROUND IT  
THE CREW OF MELVILLE'S TANK EXPECTED  
TO FEEL THE HAMMERBLOW OF AN ANTI-TANK  
MISSILE . . .



BUT SUDDENLY THE ROAD OPENED OUT AT THE MINE ENTRANCE.  
MELVILLE'S TANK SWUNG INTO IT . . .



THE THREE TANKS PULLED INTO THE SPACE IN FRONT  
OF THE MINE AND MELVILLE WALKED OVER TO THE  
BOARDED-UP OPENING . . .

WHAT  
IS IT?

THE ENTRANCE  
TO A MINE. GIVE  
ME A HAND.



THEY LEVERED OFF THE BOARDS AND THE ENTRANCE LAY DARK BEFORE THEM...

STAY HERE, HARRY—I'LL RECONNOITRE.



NOT FAR FROM THE ENTRANCE MELVILLE FOUND WHAT HE WAS SEEKING ...

THAT'S IT!  
THEY HID THE STUFF  
IN THIS SIDE GALLERY  
AND THEN SEALED  
IT OFF.

BUT MELVILLE SOUGHT SOMETHING ELSE AS WELL ...

THERE MAY BE ANOTHER ENTRANCE—OR SOMETHING...



AND THEN HE SPOTTED SOME IRON RUNGS FIXED INTO THE WALL . . .



WITH HIS HEART BEATING, MELVILLE CLIMBED SWIFTLY UPWARDS. HE HAD TAKEN A TREMENDOUS RISK BUT THE GAMBLE SEEMED TO BE PAYING OFF . . .



AT THE TOP OF THE SHAFT, HE FOUND A METAL COVER WHICH HE CAREFULLY PUSHED ASIDE. RAIN BEAT DOWN OUT OF DARKNESS . . .



MOVING SILENTLY THROUGH THE TREES, HE FOUND HIMSELF CLOSE TO A ROAD—  
AND SOMETHING ELSE!



HE HURRIED BACK DOWN THROUGH THE MINE AND SOON A SLEEPY WIRELESS OPERATOR WAS ROUSING THE INFANTRY CAPTAIN . . .



HALF AN HOUR LATER, A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN WERE PLODDING UP THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, WITH SOME OF THE ANTI-TANK GUNNERS AMONGST THEM . . .

THEY RECKON THEY MIGHT CAPTURE SOME JERRY GUNS AND THEY WANT US TO USE THEM . . .

WHAT ARE US GUNNERS DOING WITH THE INFANTRY?



THEY PASSED THROUGH THE MINE AND STEALTHILY CLIMBED THE VENTILATION SHAFT . . .

RIGHT—WE'LL GO IN AT DAWN. WHERE'S THE COLONEL?

SCULLING ABOUT SOMEWHERE. WE'LL BE WATCHING FOR YOUR SIGNAL. GOOD LUCK.



WHEN THE LAST INFANTRYMAN HAD PASSED THROUGH, MELVILLE SENT BRIGG OUTSIDE, AND SET TO WORK . . .



BUT IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT HE WOULD NEVER COMPLETE THE TASK IN TIME . . .



THE RAIN HAD STOPPED OUTSIDE AND IT WAS NOT SO DARK. MELVILLE DRAGGED HARRY BRIGG INSIDE THE MINE, HURRIEDLY EXPLAINING . . .



MELVILLE THRUST BRIGG THROUGH THE  
OPENING HE HAD MADE . . .

THERE! YOU SEE!  
THEY'RE WORTH A  
FORTUNE! NOW HELP  
ME TO MOVE THEM.

BUT HOW  
DID THEY GET  
HERE, SIR?  
AND -

BRIGG'S QUESTIONS WERE SUDDENLY CUT  
SHORT BY THE SHRILL WHISTLE OF AN  
APPROACHING SHELL . . .

AN  
EIGHTY-EIGHT  
MILLIMETRE!

JERRY  
HAS SPOTTED  
THE TANKS!

THEY RACED OUTSIDE AS THE SHELL BURST BELOW THE ROAD—AND BRIGG WAS  
FIRST INTO HIS TURRET . . .

I THINK  
I SPOTTED WHERE  
THE FLASH CAME  
FROM, SIR.

GOOD MAN.  
TWO ROUNDS  
H.E.

AS THE CROMWELLS' BIG GUNS  
HURLED THEIR SHELLS ACROSS  
THE VALLEY THERE CAME MORE  
FLASHES FROM THE DISTANT PEAK...



TWO OF THE TANKS BACKED DOWN THE ROAD. IT WAS AS WELL THEY DID SO ...



ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THE INFANTRY COMMANDER KNEW HE COULD NOT DELAY HIS ATTACK ANY LONGER . . .

THAT GUNFIRE WILL HAVE ALERTED THEM — BUT WE CAN STILL GIVE THEM A SURPRISE. ORDER THE ADVANCE!

YESSIR!

THE INFANTRY MOVED STEALTHILY THROUGH THE TREES. THEN, AS THEY EMERGED IN THE REAR OF THE GERMAN GUN POSITIONS, THEY BROKE INTO A RUN . . .

CH-A-A-R-G-E!

HIMMEL!  
THEY ARE  
BEHIND  
US!

THE BATTLE WAS BRIEF BUT BLOODY ...



DOWN BELOW, THE TANKS WERE MENACED BY EXPLODING SHELLS AND BY THE ROCK THAT CASCADED FROM THE CLIFF ABOVE THEM...

THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF THIS ROAD SOON...



ONE SHELL FOUND ITS MARK IN THE  
THIRD TANK OF MELVILLE'S TROOP...



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, MELVILLE'S GUNNER EXACTED RETRIBUTION . . .



BUT THE TANKS WERE AN EXPOSED TARGET AND THE GUN DUEL WOULD HAVE HAD ONLY ONE ENDING—IF THE INFANTRY ATTACK HAD NOT SUCCEEDED . . .

ANY MORE  
GUNNERS? OVER  
HERE! COME ON,  
GET THOSE GUNS  
INTO ACTION!



THE BIG GERMAN GUNS ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP WERE IN A COMMANDING POSITION AND ONE BY ONE THEY CRASHED INTO ACTION—BUT THEIR TARGETS WERE OTHER GERMAN GUNS!



ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE  
GERMAN GUNS ON THE FAR  
SLOPE FELL SILENT . . .



MELVILLE THREW OPEN THE  
TURRET HATCH TO DISCOVER  
THAT HIS TANK WAS ISOLATED  
BY WALLS OF ROCK . . .

I COULDN'T  
HAVE ARRANGED  
IT BETTER  
MYSELF.

STAY HERE—  
KEEP AN EYE  
ON THE OTHER  
SLOPE.



MELVILLE WALKED TOWARDS THE MINE ENTRANCE. BUT AS HE DID SO, ON THE FAR MOUNTAIN, THE HAND OF A GERMAN ARTILLERY SERGEANT MADE ONE LAST DESPAIRING EFFORT TO PULL A FIRING LANYARD . . .



MELVILLE MIGHT HAVE HEARD THE SCREAM OF THE SHELL IF HIS THOUGHTS HAD NOT BEEN CONCENTRATED ON THE WEALTH THAT LAY SO NEAR . . .



MILLIONS!  
THEY MUST  
BE WORTH  
MILLIONS...

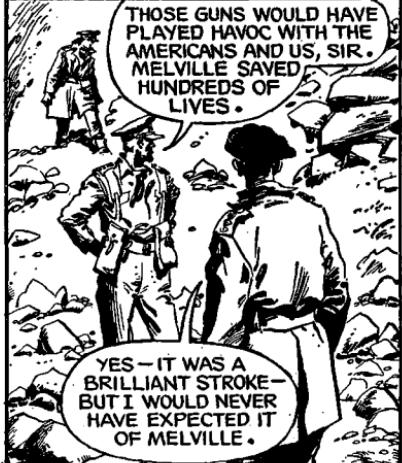
THE SHELL EXPLODED DIRECTLY ABOVE THE MINE ENTRANCE, BRINGING DOWN YARDS OF THE ROOF—DIRECTLY OVER HIS HEAD.



A LITTLE WHILE LATER, THE COLONEL'S JEEP SCREECHED TO A HALT AND THE COLONEL PICKED HIS WAY ANGRILY TOWARDS CAPTAIN HARRY BRIGG.



IN THE FACE OF MELVILLE'S DEATH AND THE OBVIOUS SUCCESS OF THE OPERATION, THE COLONEL'S ANGER DIED AWAY . . .



THE TWO OTHER OFFICERS STOOD ERECT AS THE COLONEL SALUTED THE MAN WHO HAD TAKEN A TREMENDOUS RISK AND PAID WITH HIS LIFE . . .



HARRY BRIGG WAS LEFT ALONE,  
STARING AT THE TOMB OF HIS LATE  
COMMANDER . . .

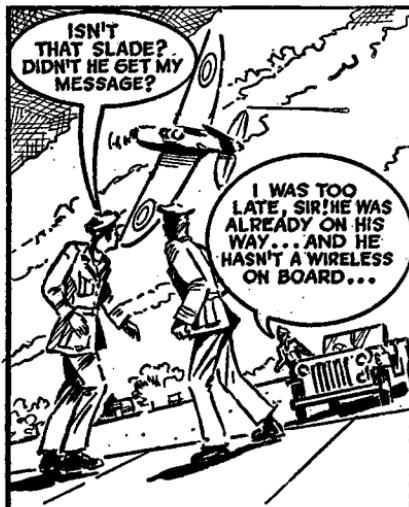
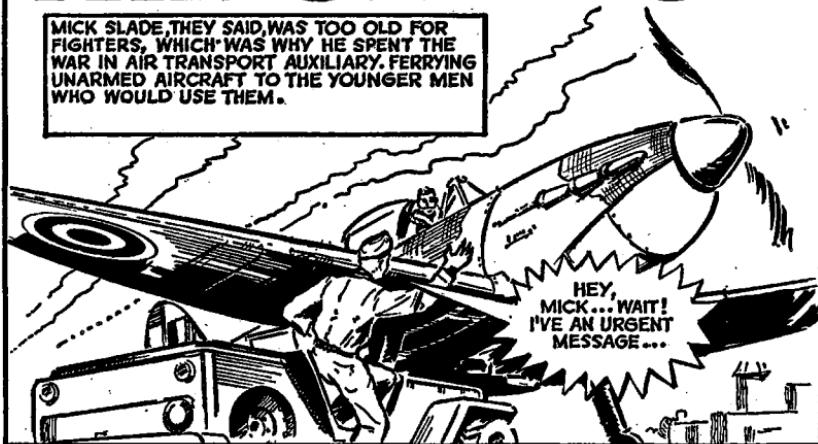


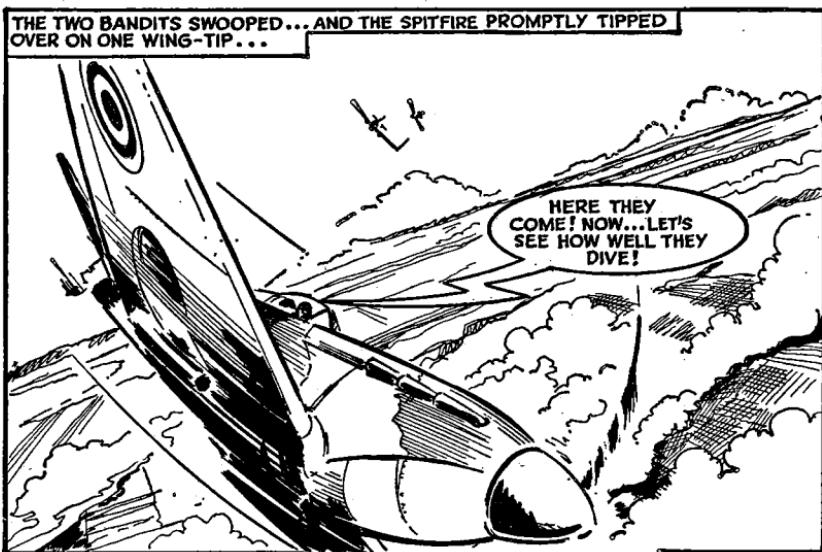
AN ODD CHAIN OF EVENTS HAD PUT TEMPTATION IN MELVILLE'S PATH. HIS GREED LED HIM TO HIS DEATH — BUT CAUSED HIM TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MANY OF HIS INNOCENT COMRADES. SUCH ARE THE STRANGE TWISTS OF FATE...

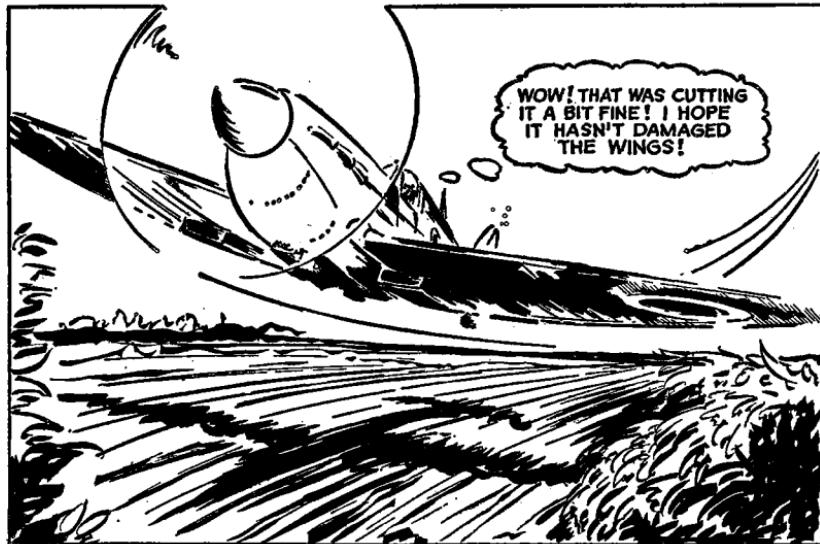
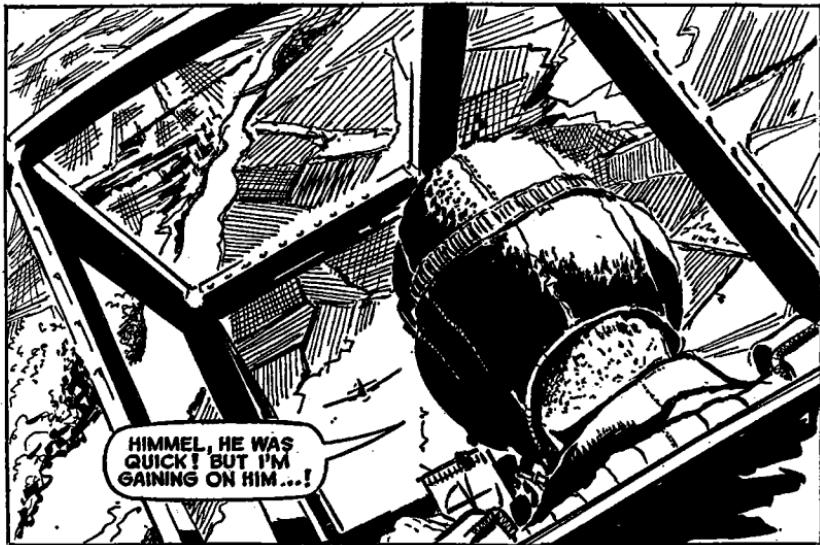


# THE OLD FOX

MICK SLADE, THEY SAID, WAS TOO OLD FOR FIGHTERS, WHICH WAS WHY HE SPENT THE WAR IN AIR TRANSPORT AUXILIARY, FERRRYING UNARMED AIRCRAFT TO THE YOUNGER MEN WHO WOULD USE THEM.







CONCENTRATING ON HIS "VICTIM", THE ENEMY PILOT HURTLED INTO THE GROUND!



ACH, HEINRICH... THE ENGLANDER TRAPPED YOU! BUT I SHALL BE REVENGED ON HIM!



HMM, THE PERSISTENT TYPE! I DON'T WANT TO USE EMERGENCY BOOST AND RUIN THE ENGINE, SO LET'S TRY SOMETHING ELSE...





MICK COMPLETED HIS FLIGHT WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT...



HE'S A FERRY PILOT. BRINGING A NEW KITE. WE NEED IT, TOO... WE'RE DOWN TO OUR LAST RESERVES...



HE CAN FLY...BUT I WONDER HOW HE'D FARE AGAINST A REAL JERRY, WITH CANNON SHELLS WHISTLING PAST HIS EARS!

PROBABLY DIE OF SHOCK! COME ON, LET'S BUY THE OLD BOY A DRINK AND TELL HIM SOME WAR STORIES!



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